

The Cracks Garland:

Furnish'd with Three Excellent New Songs.

Song I. The weeping Harlot; or, The wanton Misses Lamentation for the loss of their Cullies and Bountiful Benefactors, who dare not come as formerly, for fear of the private Press.

Song II. The Female Auction; or, A Curious Collection of Town Cracks, to be Sold by Inch of Candle, at Peticoat-Castle, near the Sign of the Furbelo Lady, in Dildo-street.

III. The weeping Virgin; or, The forsaken Lover's mournful Tragedy.



Licensed according to Order.



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Pyg-Corner.

The Cracks Garland, &c.

SONG I.

The weeping Harlot; or, The wanton Misses Lamentation for the loss of their Cullies and Bountiful Benefactors, &c. Tune of Cellidon.

Buxom Kate, who us'd to wait
on Gallants of the Town,
At Balls and Plays, in former Days,
and kifs for Half a Crown;
Now she cries, with weeping Eyes,
the Times are hard, few will regard
A handsome Crack, tho' on her back
rich Plumes are still display'd,
To speak the Truth, our wanton Youth
do's seem to be afraid,
For Night and Day, they're Prest away,
which spoils the Harlots Trade.

When a Spark comes in the Dark,
his Wanton to embrace,
Painted and Drest, among the rest,
in Furbelo's or Lace;
At the Sale of Beer or Ale,
with Brandy, Wine, choice Liquors fine,
The Gallants treat where-e're they meet,
where wanton Games are play'd,
While they possess their Happiness,
a private Search is made,
He's Prest away, he cannot stay,
this spoils the Harlots Trade.

Oh ! said *Joan*, it is well known,
 that what thou say'st is true,
 I had a Friend that us'd to spend
 on me a Crown or two ;
 When he came, 'twas *Will* by Name,
 but he was Prest amongst the rest ;
 From my soft Arms, and tempting Charms,
 he was as fine a Blade
 As ever kiss'd ; his Love is miss'd,
 in Rags I'm now array'd ;
 Sweet Sister dear, these things I fear
 will clearly spoil our Trade.

I have not one Shilling got
 this five long days and more,
 Nor have I had a jolly Lad
 once stept within my Door ;
 This is hard, will none regard
 our piteous Moan, quoth Buxom *Joan*,
 'Tis very strange, the Times must change,
 or we shall be dismay'd ;
 The Press by Night, do's so affright
 those that with us have play'd,
 They do not dare to come I'll swear,
 wherefore it spoils our Trade.

Now and then some aged Men,
 with Locks as white as Snow,
 Comes for a touch, it is not much,
 perhaps a Kiss, or so ;
 That is all, when e'er they call,
 whose sneaking Price is but a Scise ;
 That will not do, quoth *Kate* and *Sue*,
 give us the brawny Blade,

That's brave and bold, well lin'd with Gold,
 and gaudy Plums display'd;
 But while the Press is more or less,
 we can expect no Trade.

It is a shame the good old Game
 of Kiss, and you know what,
 Shou'd suffer so, by which you know
 we Crowns and Pounds have got;
 Guinea's bright for Love's delight,
 kind-hearted Men wou'd give us then,
 Sweet Sister Sue, you know 'tis true,
 besides rich Banquet made;
 VVith them we'd Dine, drink racey VVine
 and was in Silks array'd,
 But now alas! it's come to pass,
 that Pressing spoils our Trade.

S O N G II.

The Female Auction; or, A Curious Collection of
 Town Cracks, to be Sold by Inch of Candle, at
 Petticoat-Castle, near the Sign of the Furbelo Lady,
 in Dildo-street. Tune of *The Cry of London*.

YOU young Sparks of London Town,
 VVho would have a Crack in a Furbelo Gown,
 Dress'd up in black Patches and Powdered Hair,
 VVith all expedition I'd have you repair,
 To Petticoat Castle,
 For there is a Parsel
 Of Ladies that rustle
 In Sattins and Silks to be sold.

Now the Times are grown so bad,
 That there is no work in the least to be had,

VVhere-

VWherefore the Bawds round the City of late,
 VWill sell off their Cracks at a very low Rate,
 There's all sorts and sizes,
 Of changeable Prices,
 The VVitty and Nizies,
 Come now and you may have your Choice.

VWhen you come, see what you lack,
 There's Beauty, there's Tawney, there's Yellow and Black,
 There's young hopping *Nancy*, and tallow fac'd *Nell*,
 VWho liv'd at the Sign of the Dildo and Bell,
 There's squinting *Dolly*,
 VWith crump shoulder'd *Molly*,
 And *Kate* brisk and jolly,
 You may pick and cull which you please.

Now if Money be short with you,
 Take notice Gallants what you may do,
 There's young beautiful Misses of value,
 The which you may freely take up on the Tally,
Joan, *Kate* and *Winny*,
Doll, *Sue* and *Jenny*,
 They'll sell for a Guinea,
 And take it by so much a VWeek.

The Old Madams sells off their Stocks
 Of Misses, dress'd up in their fine *Holland Smocks*,
 If ready Money you can but lay down,
 The best may be bought at the Price of a Crown,
 And some at a Shilling,
 For Kissing and Billing,
 I know they are willing,
 To take any Monty that comes.

If the Reason you fain wou'd know,
 VWhy they are willing to part with 'em so,

I'll tell you the Trade it is grown such a Drug,
 A Man scarce will give now a Groat and a Mug,
 Though Joys he is reaping,
 And with her lies sleeping,
 Cracks are not worth keeping,
 They bring in no Profit at all.

If good Pennyworths you mean to buy,
 Then come away Gallants, I tell you for why,
 There's beautiful Sisters and limpering Cousins,
 Dress'd up in rich Garments, and sent in by Dozens,
 From all Parts and Places,
 With fair painted Faces,
 Just fit for Embraces,
 The like of which never was known.

There is Danger in long delay,
 Wherefore to this Auction come Gallants away,
 And see for your Love now, and buy for your Money,
 Here's Cracks with soft Kisses that's sweeter then Honey;
 Likewise full of Metal,
 They'll please to a tittle,
 The Price is but little,
 Buy all, and we'll give you the rest.

S O N G I I I.

The weeping Virgin; or, The forsaken Lover's mournful Tragedy. *Tune of Cold and Temperate.*

When *Flora* with her sweet Perfumes,
 Her pleasant Smiles, and painted Plumes,
 Had deck'd the Groves and Meadows fair,
 I wander'd forth to take the Air,
 Where by a flowing Rivers side,
 A weeping Damsel I esp'y'd.

The Lamentation which she made,
 Was full of Grief, for thus she said,
 Farewel all hope of Happiness,
 I am not able to expresse
 The Sorrows which I undergo,
 True Love will prove my Overthrow.

The fatal Stroke of *Cupid's* Dart,
 Has touch'd my youthful yielding Heart,
 And made so deep a Wound therein,
 That I may wish I ne'er had been;
 But all those VVishes are in vain,
 I do and must my Grief sustain.

Here to the VWorld I'll shew in brief,
 The Cause of all my killing Grief,
 Is by a most unworthy Knight,
 Who call'd me once his Heart's delight,
 And now has left me in Despair,
 My Grief is more than I can bear.

When first he did my Charms behold,
 What pleasant pretty Tales he told,
 Professing that he lov'd me more
 Than any he had seen before;
 Alas! alas! I being young,
 Believ'd his false deluding Tongue.

No sooner did I give consent
 To Love, but strait from me he went,
 And took a youthful Lady Gay,
 Now when I on the Wedding-Day,
 Beheld him with his Charming Bride,
 Indeed I thought I should have dy'd.

I sigh'd and trembl'd ev'ry Limb,
 With Tears I turn'd away from him,

ing resolved for to rove
 into some solitary Grove,
 Where I might end my days in Grief,
 My Sorrows being past relief.

This is to them a Joyful day,
 In Mirth they pass their Time away,
 Feasting on rich delicious Chear,
 While I alone lie weeping hear,
 A poor forsaken harmless Maid,
 Whose Heart by him was soon betray'd.

He might have taken her at first,
 And then I own, it had been just,
 But since he sooth'd and flatter'd me,
 Time after Time to that degree,
 As he has done, I must declare,
 He is the Cause of my despair.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
 But with a sharp and fatal stroke,
 The Thread of Life she cut in twain,
 I ran to save her, but in vain,
 It did her sad destruction prove,
 She liv'd to die, and dy'd for Love.

FINIS.